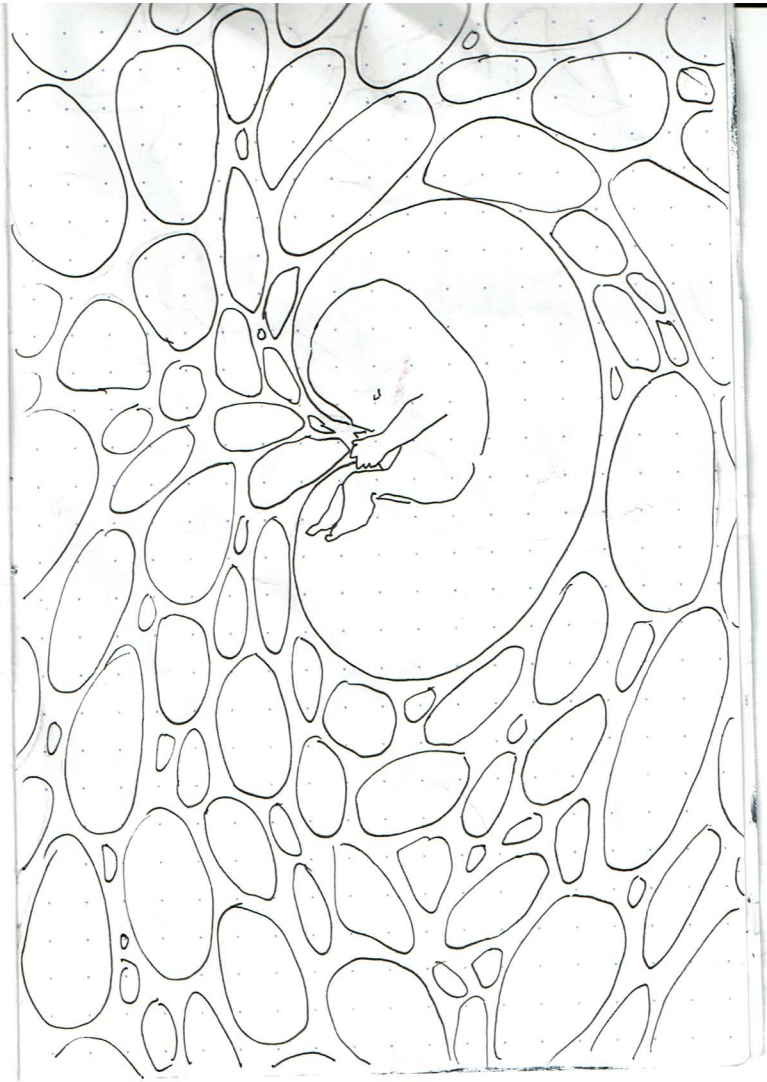
Quartet

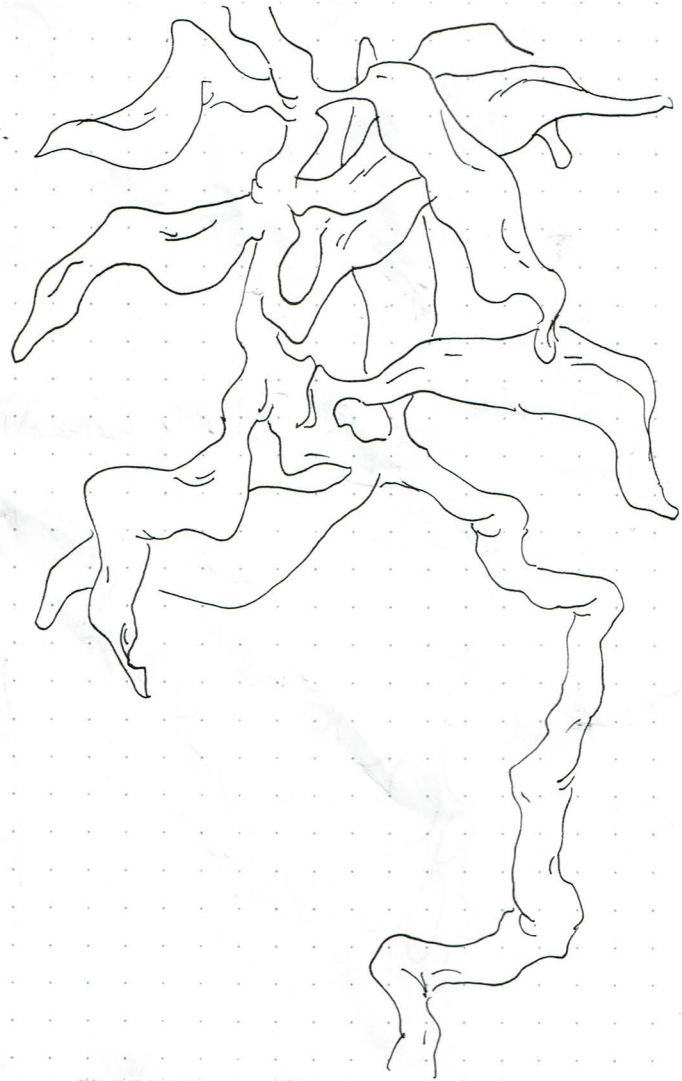
This zine was made while high

This zine was made while I was high

Don't think of me often

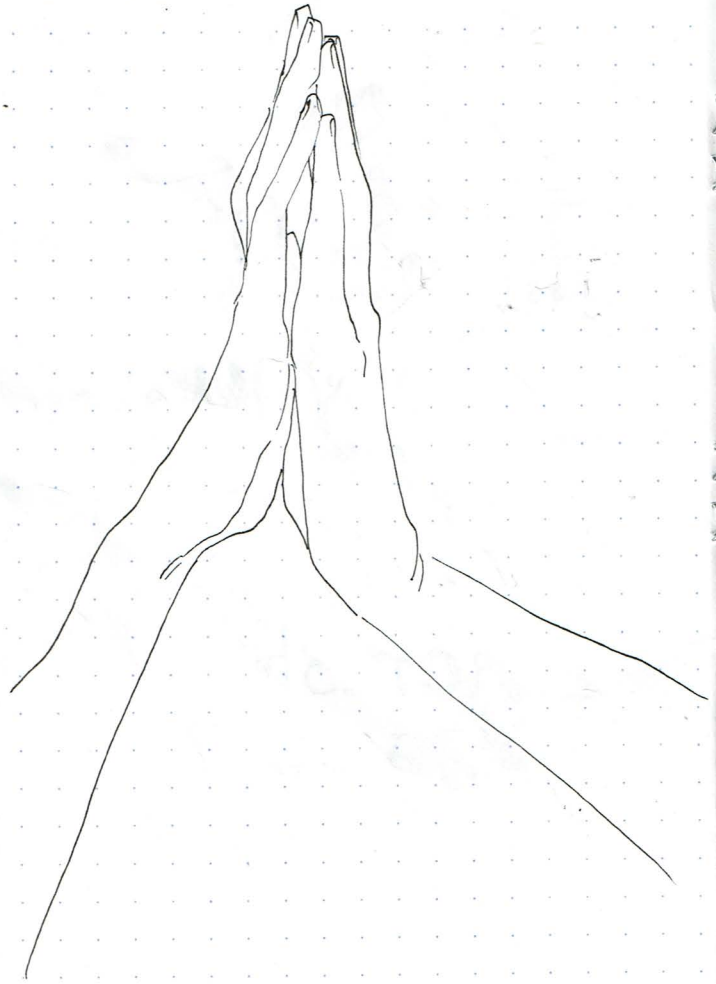
I Died In the Womb





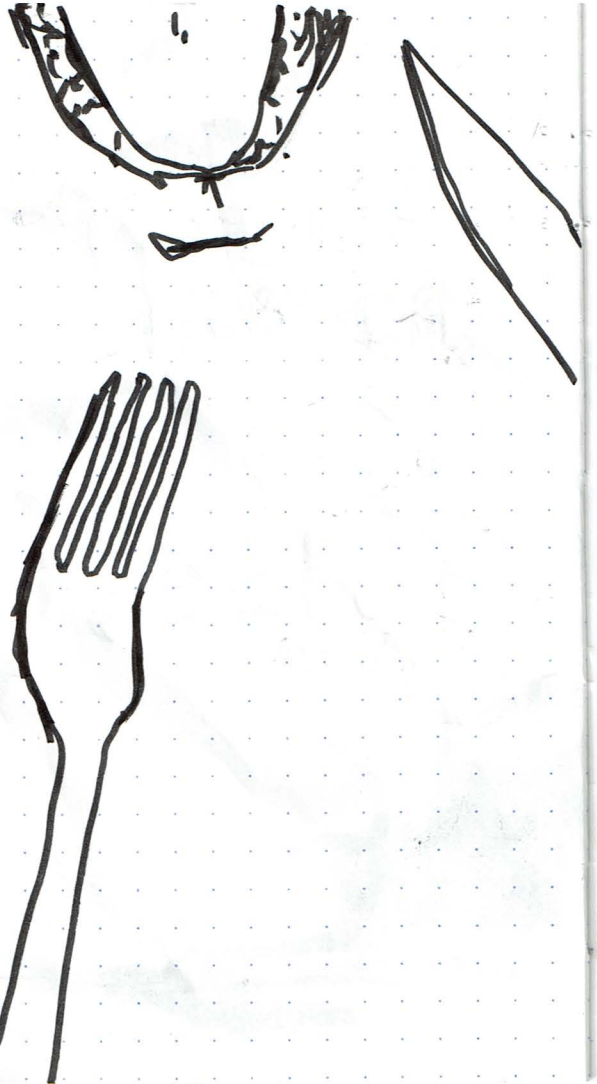
I cherish
you,

I cherish
you



no more,

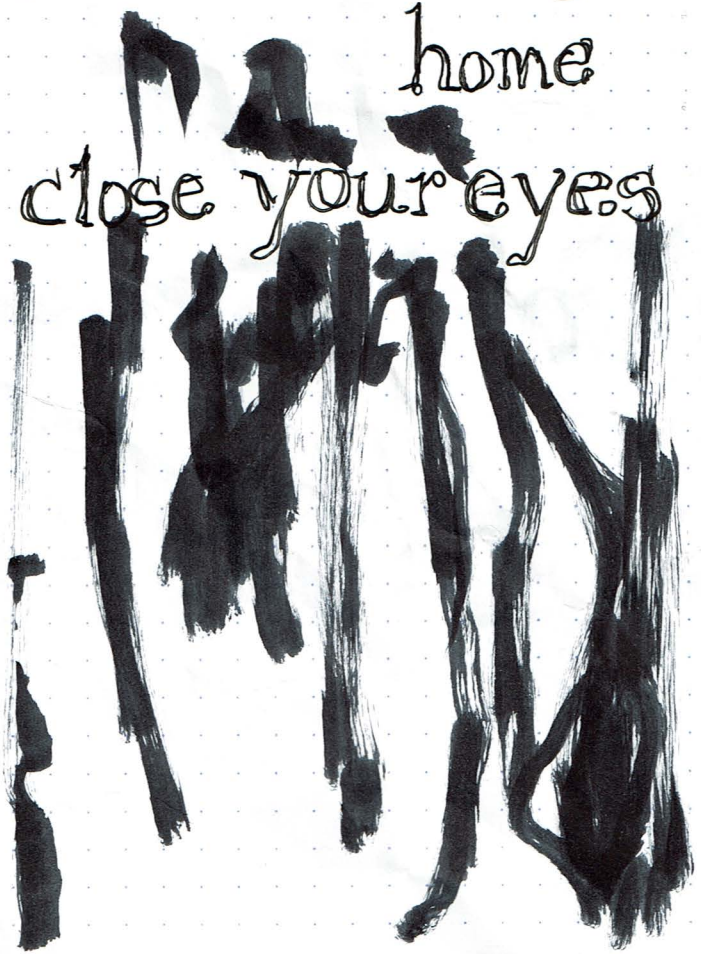
no less,



Peel back
the skin,
Dear
sweet

of you

I'm not coming
home
close your eyes



Translate